F1316

PRICE 5 Cts.

MURRAYS' BROADSIDES No. 1.

MOSES AND THE PROPHETS

THE PROHIBITION FAD.

By NORMAN MURRAY.

MONTREAL.
NORMAN MURRAY,
1899.

Moses and the Prophets.

You have often heard of Moses and his law in time of old,
But the people who believed it have been always badly sold.
It's a godsend to the parsons and a small chosen few,
Who make a gorgeous living by magnifying the Jew.

To the Jewish priests and Levites old Moses gave a mine,
But to the Jewish laymen, it was trouble all the time.
He brought them out of Egypt, where they had always lots to eat,
And from that day until now, they had troubles lots to meet.

He made them first believe a lie, that they were a chosen race.
And therefore, it was right and proper to kill men and take their [place,
If only they would worship after Moses' view of God,
They could take all that pleased them from the Gentiles on the road.

When once they had a famine in old Canaan's fruitful land,
They then went down to Egypt, a small wandering band.
But they were not long in Egypt till they showed their dirty hand,
And they acted like the Boers to the English on the Rand.

And they paid good with evil to the hand that gave them food.
For if you read the story carefully, you will find they were not good.
The Egyptians they then maligned with fake stories for excuse,
Instead of thanks and gratitude, they only gave abuse.

For they were only human, and old Moses' confidence game,
So pleased their selfish natures, but they were not all to blame.
For they oftentimes objected to Moses and his tricks,
But the old tyrant Moses, always kept them down with kicks.

They borrowed lots of jewellery and gold and silver galore,
And then started to the wilderness on the Red Sea shore.
And Moses in the wilderness a tabernacle set up.
And he made their gold and silver into tabernacle cups.

We are told also that Moses was so familiar with God,
That he gave him all the secrets from the time the world was not.
How the world was all created, then destroyed by the flood,
And how God would stop his anger, when they gave him bullock's blood.

And how the devil became a serpent, for to get up close to Eve,
And then tempted her and Adam state of innocence to leave.
And after eating of that apple with results like Spanish flies,
They only wished it always lasted for the balance of their lives.

But the world is not all pleasure, till we get beyond the skies,
So Adam you must work mavooren after all that apple pie.
And also we must get some aprons to cover up "you know,"
For I have no peace, when working and you all naked so.

This was a great discovery that Adam made that day,
That an apron made of fig leaves, would lift his mind away.
And though he knew right perfectly what lay under that leaf,
Small and simple though it was the leaf gave great relief.

For Adam now could work all day and feel quite at ease,
Whereas before the leaf was there, he never had any peace.
For whenever he looked at something, he felt something move,
With a funny inclination to put something, something through.

Next after old father Adam, we come to old man Noah,
Who when offered some good stuff to drink never would say no.
He was a wonderful man old Noah was, he was a carpenter too.
And he built a large new ship for a very small crew.

He had a very large stock on board of animals great and small,
Some went over from America at old man Noah's call.
Noah sent out a notice to all quarters of the globe,
To get two of all the animals from elephant to microbe.

There was a great stir in animaldom deciding who would go,
For all that were left behind then, would not see another snow.
And how they finally decided, we cannot definitely say,
Or where they got provisions from with such a lot of hay.

Another great character we come to, is our dear friend old Lot,
And if the rest were worse than he, they were a very bad lot.
For we are told that his old nature was so very, very hot,
That instead of Mrs. Lot he took his daughters on the spot.

But yet in all seriousness, we are told in language plain,
That he was the only just man in the cities of the plains.
But what we want with stuff like that is more than I can say,
For it is not good enough for example to the people of our day.

But I'll tell you a bit secret, but don't give it away,
It is just such men as he, that build the churches in our day.
For the churches undertake it, if you are good enough to pay,
To send you straight to heaven, when you shuffle off the clay.

We next came down to Jacob, and a crooked stick was he,
For he cheated his old father, and his mother glad was she.
When Jacob got the blessing by the help of her intrigue,
But I fancy such a blessing was as worthless as the trick.

Old Jacob was a Mormon, for he needed lots of wives,
And he was not particular about their moral lives.
For he first knocked up the sisters, and then he took their maids,
If you call this morality, you are on the road to hades.

But what I cannot understand about this very old game,
Is why you blame Mormons and Turks for doing just the same.
And then you send them Bibles and Missionaries to preach,
And in the States they punish them for practising what you preach.

And now, let's come back to Moses and his unholy laws,
For the more you study them, the more you find of flaws.
But the greatest wonder is that we, give such rubbish place,
To say we have been civilized by that, is an insult to our race.

For the Normans, Celts and Germans back in old Caesar's time,
Had a better code of morals than Moses' dirty slime.
And the old Greeks and Romans, Egyptians and Chinese,
Would loudly laugh to scorn such rotten laws as these.

For they slaughtered men and women, killed babies and forced maids,
For the first part of their history, this seemed to be their trade .
It suited the bad natures of such beasts in human form,
That trampled on the people and called massacres reform.

On a par with tough old Moses, you may put David of the psalms,
And for outrage on men and women, he also takes the palm.
But he was generous to the priests and gave praises to Lord,
For to cover his rascality he this could well afford.

Don't tell me you're a Christian, if you of these approve,
For that Christ was not like minded, I soon can easily prove.
For the lawyers, priests and Levites, these scourges of mankind,
That admired the law of Moses, to Christ were most unkind.

And the Jew among the Gentiles is still looking for the spoils,
He is hunting up for treasures, but won't cultivate the soil.
But when he falls in love with Jesus, he is no more a Jew,
There's no distinction then, but virtue in a cosmopolitan crew.

He then becomes a child of nature with his shackles all removed.
He then becomes a native and trusts those he has proved.
He then finds out his friend is the man that gives him help.
And not the man who looks to Moses and is otherwise a whelp.

Oh no, my friends, there's no use talking, the whole thing is a lie,
It's contrary to other works of Him, who rules on high.
So if you want to learn good morals, give Moses the go by,
For the time of his oblivion is swiftly drawing nigh.

You have heard of the "Mistakes of Moses," by the late Bob Ingersoll,
But I believe the frauds of Moses should be applied to his roll.
For he could not possibly be mistaken about the engraving of that stone,
He knew right well who did the carving that marble stone upon.

He knew right well when he was planning how to make himself a boss,
That it was better to call Jehovah than himself the ruling joss.
For he worked with his Jehovah as did Napoleon with the Pope,
He moved him round to suit his purpose as if tied with a rope.

The poor Hebrew is to be pitied, to have been humbugged so long,
And still he won't believe at all that old Moses was all wrong.
But old Moses got their money, then he quietly skipped out,
And left them in the wilderness to be tossed and knocked about.

The Prohibition Fad.

Oh many were the efforts made, this world to reform,
And get the wise and foolish to certain rules conform,
But of all the foolish notions I ever heard before,
This silly prohibition rot, beats them all, and more.

I see some prohibitionists and they are so very pale.
That instead of water, they need a glass of ale,
I know they have indigestion as I had once before,
When I tried total abstinence, but I'll do so no more,

I know there are foolish people, you meet them everywhere,
They never have a cent of cash, for twenty hours to spare,
They'll swallow down anything to steal away their brains,
But there's something wrong with such a class, that can't themselves restrain.

But all men are not equal, nor in habits all alike,
You might as well ask Jacob if his name was Pat or Mike,
Some need a little heating, and some a cooling down,
But there's no need at all that such, should on each other frown.

If there is nothing wrong with you and you eat and sleep and etc,
If you have no worry and nothing to forget,
I guess that then you might as well, let well enough alone,
But I know you won't be long like that while you have human bones.

Of course there are some people, and their natures are so bad,
That when they get some liquor in, they act as if they're mad,
Some people blame the liquor, now this is quite a fad,
But the liquor wont make badness if the man no badness had.

I have no use for bar-rooms, beer gardens or saloons,
Among a lot of strangers, some white and some black coons,
Give me the same old fashion I saw some years ago,
Where in happy social fellowship good nature overflows,

But this brings out fresh features of this prohibition bore,
That in the old regime, we have never seen before,
For now the new fashion is to drink it on the sly,
And by and by, I'll tell you the very reason why.

When one feels that he needs it, as some will always do,
And can't get there the old way, he'll try it by the new,
Before he could drink openly, at home or in the shop,
But now the new fake notions did this old fashion stop.

Before, you drank with friends and you knew what you got,
But now they drink with strangers and out of strange pots,
And then they want some nutmegs and some John Collin's shot,
And wait out till they are sober and catch cold when they are hot.

But this is not the old way I saw some years ago,
When after a good bowl of punch, you straight to bed did go.
But now when they take stimulants, they stay out in the snow,
For they must not go home at all, in such state you know.

The women and the parson now, completely rule the roost,
They want the money for a church in which you have no trust,
They want some more for ribbons, cheek powder and such rot.
That your good old fashioned grandmother would throw in the slop pot.

Some die for want of stimulants, some also take too much,
And it's always a tough problem, what to do with such,
Some kill themselves with bullets or with razors cut their throats,
But I won't throw out what's useful for example to such goats.

When we talked about high licence or some other proper way,
To reduce the evil where the poor man spends his pay,
The high toned prohibitionists that always live up town,
Opposed us tooth and nail in this, like idiotic clowns.

If 'er you are a candidate and to parliament aspire,
John Dougall and old Carson are sure to enquire,
If you totally abstain from whiskey, ale and wines,
For this is always the first point that works upon their minds.

But if you are a printer and are looking for a job,
The question then is not the drink, but so many ems by job,
I often thought John Dougall should first begin at home,
For the *Witness* House's no better than the people out in Brome.

I think if I were master of some two hundred men,
And thought that total abstinence was always good for them,
I'd try experiments on them, first to see the scheme at work,
And if it were a failure, there I'd let the rest uncork.

And also up Toronto way, they have a Mr. Spence,
He'd send a fool to Parliament and keep out a man of sense,
Because the man with brains, sometimes will need some stimulants,
While sometimes the useless fool never has such wants.

Oh no, my friends, it will not do, it's all a mistake,
To make a rule for every one what each and all shall take,
Some people are a nuisance, when sober or when drunk,
They always fight and quarrel, and at work they always funk.

So just raise up the license, and make the loafers work,
And close up all the bar-rooms after ten o'clock,
And the man that's fond of fighting with his fists or with his feet,
Just fix him nicely on a pile with lots of stones to beat.

If you are on the ocean and you're feeling very sick,
Then give up total abstinence and to your brandy stick,
If you get a touch of dysentery and your bowels loose,
There is nothing that can equal John Dewar's Highland dews.

NORMAN MURRAY.

NOTICE.—Murray's Broadsides No. 2 will contain the Zionist Movement, Montreal Small Fakirs (W. W. Robertson), the Spiritualists, and the Origin of Our Civilization.